

# Up-To-The-Minute Sporting News.

## How the Giants and Red Sox Shape Up In the World's Series



By TOMMY CLARK.

Now that the New York Giants have captured the National league pennant and Boston the American league flag, it might be interesting for the fans to know some facts about these two clubs before getting down their bets on the result.

The world's series of 1912 is one likely to be remembered as long as the game endures. Not only does it bring together in the respective major league champions an unusually well matched pair of contestants, but it also furnishes a stake of such gigantic proportions as to bring out the very last ounce of fight.

For every one at all concerned in the national pastime a better post season attraction could not be arranged as that between the Giants and Red Sox. In the matter of pure ability it is doubtful if two better matched rivals ever faced each other.

Furthermore, this is a year of years, for upon it devolves the prestige of the rival major leagues. This is the "rubber" of world's championships. Each league has now four titles to its credit, and upon this fall's result hangs a great deal of civic pride among the fraternity.

On form Boston looks the better of the two teams. They have proved this much by going through the whole season without one serious slump. In a long race like this fall's big series, outside the points the teams shape up as of about equal strength. The Red Sox lay it all over the Giants in the matter of outfield strength. Boston boasts the best garden trio of the game in Speaker, Hooper and Lewis, but New York fully equalizes this in the infield. McGraw has an exceptionally classy inner defense. Boston's first line is not brilliant. Gardner at third is the best of the lot, and there are three or more third basemen in his own company that are ranked higher than the Boston man, but the infield four of the Sox by heavy stick work, every one of them is a slugger. Heinie Wagner is almost as much of a terror as his illustrious namesake of the Pirates. Jake Stahl is a fence buster. In defensive speed and skill New York undoubtedly puts it in the battery.

However, the Sox's superior hitting power and the outfield advantages make it just about a toss up.

It's pretty nearly a question of pitching then. Both teams have good catchers. Meyers, McGraw's classy Indian backstop, has nothing on Carrigan and Cady except perhaps a shade in hitting ability. It is his superior strength in the box that gives Stahl a shade advantage at the start. He has five rattling good tossers, any one of whom is likely to make McGraw's best step to the limit—Joe Wood, Bedient, Hall,

Photos by American Press Association.

O'Brien and Collins. Wood is one of the most wonderful pitchers of the age. He is a speed marvel of the Walter Johnson type. Bedient is another fast ball pitcher, and a dandy, too. Hall is a good curve ball manipulator. "Buck" O'Brien, who has just rounded into effectiveness for the first time this season, is one of the greatest spitball fingers in the league. Ray Collins is a southpaw and a crackerjack too.

New York will have the time of its life beating any one of the five pitchers unless the Giant tossers fling shut-out ball. New York never has seen such speed as Wood can show. O'Brien is a better spitball tosser than Hendrix of the Pirates. Collins is the best left hander in the American league.

Against this brilliant array of box talent the Giants have had to stack Mathewson, Marquard and Tesreau. And of the three, Tesreau looms up as the great hope. Strangely enough, the Red Sox fear this green, inexperienced tosser more than they fear Matty of the "Rube." Tesreau is big enough to work every other day if necessary, and he has just the kind of a spitball that the Red Sox do not relish. In fact, Boston murders most anything but the spitball. The Hub team looks forward with pleasure to a meeting with Mathewson. In 1908 the speed boys half massacred "Big Six" when he was at the height of his glory. They now figure him an "old man" compared to those days. Of Marquard the Hub has no fear. The fallacy that the Boston Americans prove a cinch for left handers has been picked. The lineup embraces just two left handed hitters, and one of these, Tris Speaker, pounds fork hand slinging harder than the right winged kind.

On the other hand, the question arises, Can the Red Sox hit so hard against Mathewson, Marquard and Tesreau? Many of them have hit against Matty, and though they lost the opener to him they afterward gave him a trimming. They do not seem to fear him, but as Jimmy McAleer said the other day: "Any team that beats Mathewson has to get up and dust. He always pitches an intelligent game, no matter what is the condition of his arm. His experience is also of immense advantage to him."

The work of Marquard, Bedient, Tesreau and O'Brien in a world's series is hard to figure. Marquard has been against the fire and has more experience than the others, but he was not successful against the Athletics. O'Brien and Tesreau are both spitball pitchers, and they are bound to be troublesome. Neither the Giants nor the Red Sox like to hit at spitters.

The man the Boston supporters are depending upon to win the championship is Joe Wood. There is no doubting the fact that he is a champion pitcher. He has a fast ball that is the wonder of the American league, and his slow one is a marvel. His great change of pace is bound to wreak havoc with any string of batters, provided he does not lose his head. Wood has been in many hard fights and ought to be fully able to take care of himself.

The Giants ought to win, some say, because John McGraw knows more baseball than Jake Stahl.

Individually the Giants are not stronger than the Red Sox, but when team work is to be considered the Giants have the best of it. The world's series surely will be diverted from individualism to a question of unification. The Red Sox are at present slight favorites. Those who have made the Boston first choice are banking on the pitching staff to mow down the Giants. To get down to facts, the Giants are heavier hitters than the Red Sox and have shown themselves better run getters, as the records will show.

On the bases the Giants are far superior to any club in either league. In the last world's series the Giants' base running ability did not cut much figure, for the simple reason that they did not get on the bases. Still, with their hitting ability, the Giants ought to get a great many more on the bases this time than they did against the Athletics.

### STAR MEMBERS OF THE GIANTS AND RED SOX

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### CHICAGO AMERICANS' INDIAN PITCHER

WESTERN leaguers profess that in George Murphy Johnson, a half blood Indian, the White Sox have purchased another "Chief" Bender. Johnson, alias "Big Chief" and "Winnipeggo," is the best pitching proposition in the league that produced Marty O'Toole, "Babe" Adams, "Buck" O'Brien and Casey Hagerman. To him, more than to any other influence, is due the position of St. Joe in the Western league race. He won fourteen out of twenty-one games before he was sold to Comiskey and saved seven more games when other pitchers flinched at distress signals.

With Johnson, the White Sox purchased John Gossett, the twenty year old kid catcher, who is the best in the league and the only backstop in the organization that cares to handle the terrific speed of the Irish Indian. Johnson went to St. Joe in the spring of 1910, having been with Lincoln and Sioux City. He has been the pitching mainstay ever since. He is reckoned a half blood by virtue of his parents

### Groom Has Sign on Crawford

One of the oddities of baseball is the sign that Pitcher Groom of Washington has on Sam Crawford, a slugger who can be depended on to hit almost any twirler hard even if not safely. When Sam gets a single off Robert's an event, and when he hits the ball out of the infield he is happy. Usually he taps or pops to an infielder, varying this with an occasional strikeout.

### Tells of Wear on Pitcher's Arm

CHRISTY MATHEWSON says: "The greatest wear and tear on the arm comes in the effort to strike out an opposing batter. It usually requires five or six and sometimes as many as ten pitched balls to strike a man out, while he could be disposed of on a long fly with one pitched ball. When I am not going easy and the team is not in danger I always try to make the batter hit the first ball. Every time he hits at that first one and is retired on a fly or a grounder it saves my arm just that much."

"Even a hit occasionally is better than to have to work the arm off trying to strike men out. On an average seven balls are required to strike out a batter. This is due to the fact that they always let one or two go by for balls and several are fouled off. At that rate a pitcher would have to pitch 189 balls if he struck out the entire twenty-seven batters."

"On the other hand, if the batters hit the first ball and none of them fall safe, the side could be disposed of in nine full innings on but twenty-seven pitched balls. Does that make it clear why some pitchers stay in the game for twenty years?"

### ROCKY ROAD FOR O'ROURKE

TOM O'ROURKE, who has handled some noted fighters, admits that the road just now is decidedly rocky. O'Rourke hails from Boston, where he owned a saloon when he assumed the management of the late George Dixon. Under O'Rourke's tutelage Dixon won the featherweight championship and earned nearly \$200,000, yet he died penniless.

O'Rourke developed Joe Walcott, "the giant killer," who was the world's welterweight champion when he stopped Joe Choynski. Tom Sharkey, too, was made over into a star fighter by O'Rourke, who will always believe that the sailor should have received a draw in his memorable twenty-five round battle with Jeffries at Coney Island. O'Rourke lost a fortune in various ways—some of it in Wall street, more of it in saloons and hotels in New York and the balance in promoting boxing clubs.

He discovered Al Palmer and up to the time of their recent quarrel he was to be reaped. O'Rourke has been seen

### Swimmer Durborow's Plans

CHARLES E. DURBOROW, the Philadelphia long distance swimmer, is through for this year, but will next year try to swim from Sandy Hook light to the Battery, in New York, which has never before been made; a swim to the Boston light and as far back as possible, and then he will essay the English channel before retiring. Only two men have ever swum the English channel, Captain Matthew Webb and Burgess. This year Miss Rose Pitonof of Dorchester, Mass., has been training at Dover, England, with the object of trying to swim across the English channel.

### Pitcher Hughes Good After Fifteen Years

ELONGATED, happy, tough and willing are the four words that best describe Long Tom Hughes, veteran of fifteen hard fought years in the big league. Only the gentlemen who kept the annals of the national game back in the time of Azote association can tell about his bush league days, and they all are dead.

Long Tom Hughes was a star twelve years ago, and he's a star today. Just why nobody can well analyze, for he is a happy go lucky person who takes no particular care of himself, smokes cigarettes, likes a stein when the days are hot and other things when they are cold. He is the living paragon and paradox of the Mike Murphy code. But he's made of the toughest fiber bred on the sand lots of Chicago, hardened by the winds from Lake Michigan and tempered by a head filled with cunning and pitching sense. Hughes, after a

varying experience with the Chicago teams, first came into great prominence when he flashed toward world's championship form with Jimmy Collins' famous Boston Americans. Bill Deneen, old Cy Young, then in his prime, and Long Tom Hughes—there was a pitching trio for the wildest fan, with never a weak spot and never a team that one of the three could not baffle. Week in and week out, the frail looking Hughes took his regular turn with the massive Deneen and Young, and he was one of the biggest cogs in taking the world's championship to the Hub.

The great machine began going back—they all do—and Hughes was carried out the tide. Leachance, Ferris, Parent and Collins slowed up. The events of a later day proved that Hughes was just as good as ever, but the weakening of his teammates gave the opposition a chance, and when John L. Taylor started his house cleaning Hughes went the way of the others. He was traded to New York and for a season refused to report.

Ever notice how those players who refuse to report lose their effectiveness? Amos Rusie started down the ladder that way. So did Johnny Kling, so did Vic Willis and scores of others. But Tom Hughes again proved the paradox—he didn't. He came back the next year and almost pitched New York into a championship.

### JESSE BURKETT TO QUIT.

REPORT has it that this will be the last year of the veteran Jesse Burkett in the game. He has been part owner and manager of the Worcester team of the New England league for several years. He planned to go into business in Worcester at the close of this season. Kitty Bransfield, now with Montreal, whose home is in Worcester, is talked of as the man to succeed Burkett at the head of the team.

### Griffith Afraid to Quit the Game

TWENTY-FIVE years of baseball have made Clark Griffith afraid to quit. He fears that after a quarter of a century of strain he could not stand inactivity. "Dago Griff" has always been one of the highest keyed, scrappiest men in the game. He works at a pitch equal to that of Ty Cobb.

"The lack of mental and physical excitement and strain would make a quick end of me," says the Nationals' manager. "I suffer from inactivity in winter. If I lasted into the spring I am certain I would be unable to stand the strain."

"All athletes are affected the same way. Take Ty Cobb. He works so intently and each season gets so finely drawn that I doubt if he could stand much inactivity. Other players who do not work as hard and are never so perfectly trained as Ty do not suffer so much."